

11:20

Youth

Sept. 25, 1960



Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion

- ▶ Teen photo contest winners
- ▶ A quiz on modesty
- ▶ Is your number up?

editor's note The car raced around the corner, knocked over a policeman and four pedestrians, overturned a fruit stand, and came to a stop against a telephone pole. A sweet young girl crawled out of the wreckage, threw her hat into the air, and shouted, "Wow! That's what I call a kiss!" . . . A kiss means many things to many people. For some, a kiss is a toy to be played with for the sheer joy of its sensation. For some a kiss is a means of barter which a girl gives a boy in exchange for the money he has spent on her on their date. For some, a kiss is a symbol or sign of love which a person shares only with someone who means very much to him or her.



"Father says it's O.K. to dance if we roll up the rug and don't make any scuff marks on the ceiling."

Youth

September 25

Volume 11

Editor:

Herman C. Ahrens,

Editorial Assistant:

Betty J. Warner

Summer Assistant:

Kay Lorans

Art Consultant:

Charles Newton

Editorial Address:

Room 306

1505 Race St.

Philadelphia 2, Pa.

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HIS NUMBER WAS UP

Written by James O. Gilliom

WHY plan for the future? You haven't got a chance. It's all plotted out for you in advance. Why worry? What's the difference? When your number is up, you're done, pal!" And so people make a big hole out of life—guys and gals "get caught" or "get away with murder," or lose games, live or die according to whether or not their "number . . ." Or so some think.

"His number was up!" What does that expression mean? To some it's simply a thoughtless slang phrase. But to others it is a philosophy of life. And whether or not it is fully realized, "His number is up" says a lot about God and his relationship with persons. It's worth some serious thought.

Think about a couple of true stories; one about Bob and one about a girl, and some pertinent questions.

Bob was an outstanding young man. In high school he was president of his class, quarterback of his football team and valedictorian. In college he edited the school paper and made "Who's Who." Deciding to enter

the Christian ministry and continue his studies at seminary, Bob led class there also and even shared his marvelous spirit and abilities in a practical way by working for several months with Christian young people from other countries in a European work camp.

The Christmas vacation before the spring of his long-planned graduation and ordination, Bob journeyed home hurriedly. He had landed a job with the postal department as an extra letter carrier, and he needed money for the final term of school. He carried some letters, but he never did graduate. Within a few days he was dead. Leukemia, the doctors said. Nothing to be done. Just wait. With this kind it only takes a couple of days. And a lot of us went unbelievably to Bob's funeral. It just didn't seem it could be.

Why did Bob die? Was his number up? Or was there some other reason? Did Bob die because God's love and concern for the fullest possible development of each individual is controlled by a mathematical formula which overrules God's will for good? Or is this God's way of reminding us of his power and authority?

Another true story for you to think about. In our State of Washington we are trying to bridge a portion of Puget Sound. It is an extremely difficult task. Because of the depth of the water and the distance from shore to shore, a conventional bridge cannot be used and tremendous concrete pontoons must be built on which the roadway can float; at the same time being rigid enough to withstand the currents and winds, pliable enough to fall and rise with the tides.

The project has been plagued with disaster. Pontoons fastened in place have mysteriously sunk. Bridge experts from over the nation have been consulted, but there are still "bugs." It is going to cost extra hundreds of thousands of dollars that should be used for other constructive purposes.

Why? Is "the number up" for the designers, the builders, the motor

" for our mistakes and tragedies?

taxpayers? Has that mysterious occasion arrived again when God saddles our aspirations? As a matter of fact, when Governor Rosellini appeared recently on a news conference, he attributed the troubles to "an act of God," the expression that has longtime been used by insurance companies to "explain" the apparently unreasonable tragedy.

Does it do us any good to plan for our lives? Has our fate or future already been determined by God, or by something else even stronger than God? Is the smart thing to have our fling now, for tomorrow our "number" will be up?

We have to answer "no" to all those questions. I have to say that Bob did die because "his number was up." He died because medical scientists, adequately supported by the public, have not yet cracked the secret of leukemia. The Puget Sound bridge is in trouble not because anybody's "number is up." There is simply a lot more planning and work that has to be done on it—engineering innovations, as innovations in any field, include mistakes, accidents and unanticipated problems.

That is all the price of freedom, isn't it? We are free to learn by doing. We are even free not to learn by not doing. God, especially through Jesus' words and teachings, has given us goals and measures. We are free to apply them with energy or we are free to sit on our hands and complain it's no use. We are free to pray to God for more guidance; we are free to believe Him or ignore Him. God has made us free to make mistakes, and that necessitates our even suffering innocently because of the mistakes of others. *He has also given us the equipment to learn from those mistakes, and His help for the asking. This is God's "plan" for us.*

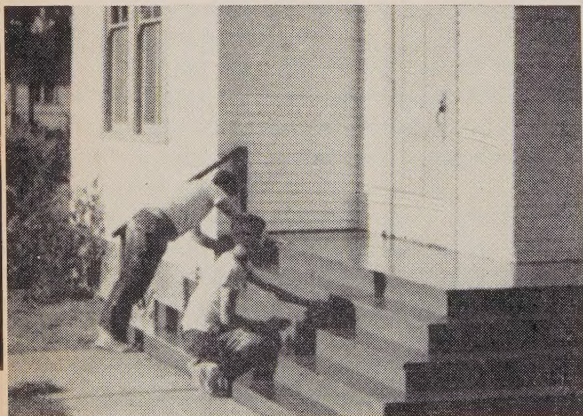
Any "number" comes up, it is one we've etched ourselves, and with the help of others like us, through relentless refusal to learn from experience and through thoughtless, self-centered ignoring of the true will of God.





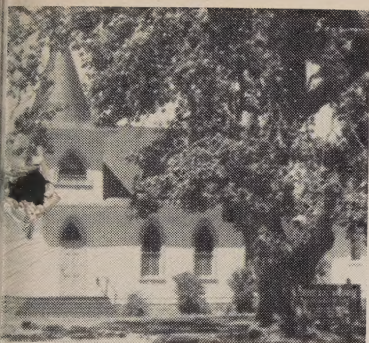
*teens give
new look
to historic
church*

The Cotati Work Camp



Teen volunteers put coats of paint on the exterior of the church. Inside the hall they stilled a celotex ceiling and linoleum tile, painted the interior. Coming from churches in Northern California, the teens worked six to eight hours per day, each day. Weekends were for activities, trips, personal chores.



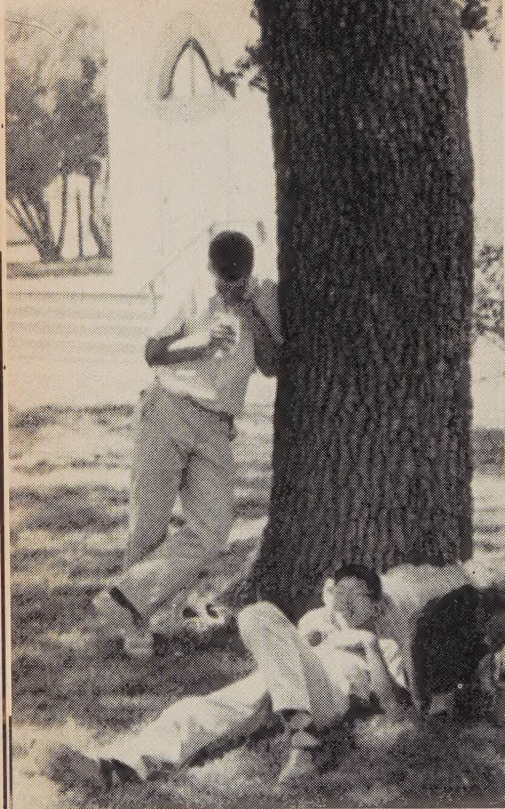


The Church of the Oaks, Cotati, Calif., has a long history of service. Now, a new housing development nearby, plus the "new look" applied by the work camp, gives renewed vitality to the church.



EACH summer teen-age work-campers of the Northern California Pilgrim Fellowship have worked to aid some of its churches in need of help. Such a work camp revitalized the appearance—and the spirit—of the Church of the Oaks, a United Church of Christ in Cotati, Calif. Twelve teens volunteered two weeks, paid their own expenses, and repaired and renovated the Cotati church. They painted the exterior, installed ceiling and linoleum tile. When weather permitted, they worked every weekday from six to eight hours per day.

The cost of the work camp to each young person was one dollar per day. This covered food, insurance, and the like. Each guy and gal brought his own working clothes, paintbrushes, tools, health certificate, devotional materials, Bible and song books, bedding, stationery to write home, suntan lotion, a cap, and a cheery disposition. This was no "dress parade." But occasionally the workcampers met with local PF



Work Camp (cont'd)

groups and once made an extended field trip. The staff included a host minister, the camp director, a cook, and women's coordinators. Campers shared in planning most of the week's activities—group discussion, Bible study, recreational activities, and menus.

The cost of the materials—pneumocelotex blocks, tiles, etc.—was advanced by the Northern California Conference of the Congregational Christian Churches as a grant to the Cotati church.

As people in the local church community watched these teenagers at work, much excitement, interest and appreciation was stirred. But the genuine thrill of the week time together was working, studying, playing, thinking, worshipping alongside others from 12 other communities.

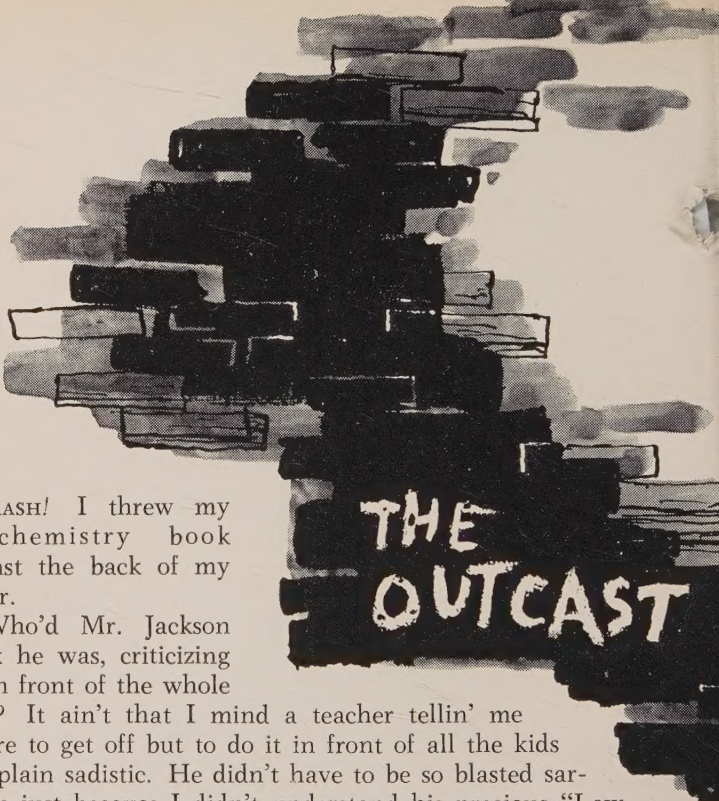


*Siesta was a
comed time
hard-working
Sun tan lotion
dark glasses
helpful relief
a burning sun
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helped plan
menus, it was
Weintke and
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that tantalized
tastebuds of*



Working together for two weeks, campers found relief in fun, too. Recreation, bull sessions, Bible study, and a field trip to a nearby community added variety to the schedule.





C RASH! I threw my chemistry book against the back of my locker.

"Who'd Mr. Jackson think he was, criticizing me in front of the whole class? It ain't that I mind a teacher tellin' me where to get off but to do it in front of all the kids was plain sadistic. He didn't have to be so blasted sarcastic just because I didn't understand his precious "Law of definite proportions."

"Look fellas" came a scornful voice from behind me. "It's the sc genius. He's too smart for chemistry."

Whirling around I came face to face with Harvey Clark. Harvey one of those brains who's always playin' up to teachers and gettin' marks just to prove what a hero he is. His lips were drawn back in a taunting grin.

The temptation to wipe that smirk off his face was too much. I to keep my temper, Lord knows I tried, but in spite of myself I found my fist flying in the general direction of his sneering face. I missed though. Lucky, in a way I guess. If I'd hit him I'd a bust my head. Ducking to the left to avoid his return blow, I could see the crowd beginning to gather. As Harvey staggered back from a blow to the stomach, I could see behind him the red jackets of the school athletes. I noticed the black leather jackets of the "Tigers"—the local gang.



a story by Peter Minshull >>>

the Outcast



This fight was nothing to them. They'd seen everything. They had real power. All the kids did as they said. Even the cops had gotten the idea that they ran things. Then, when I was watching the kids of the Kappa Fraternity and the girls huddled in a corner pretending to be horrified, one of Harvey's punches connected with a thud and I went reeling.

When the fog cleared I could see the other brains helping Harvey on with his coat and tellin' him what a champ he was as if he'd won the golden gloves or something. I picked myself up, got together my books and made my way out of the building.

Outside I rubbed my skull gingerly. What a fool I had been to start that fight! I had known when I started that Harvey was taller, heavier and had a longer reach than I. He had cleaned me and it made me burn. It was that terrible temper of mine. Hadn't it caused enough trouble already? It kept me from joining every club in the school.

I could just see the other kids congratulating themselves on their brilliant judgment of my character. The brains would be on their way to the lab to do some extra work and as they walked down the hall they would be saying sickening things like "Nice fight, Harv"! You sure showed that crumb Martin. Glad we never

had anything to do with him. Then, of course, the athletes chattering in the dressing room would be talking too. I could just picture them showing off their wonderful muscles and saying, "Ya know that Martin must be a weakling. Imagine being able to clean that brain Clayton. The heroes from the fraternity would be showing their girls what real guys they were, the big strong ones." Imagine starting a fraternity in my school. All they had was money. It killed me to think of them saying things like "Gosh I'm glad we didn't let Martin join the fraternity. He bet he would have tried to pull one of those brawls at a party."

My thoughts were interrupted by a car pulling up alongside. The door opened and Owen Jones, the leader of the Tigers, was offering me a ride. My jaw fell and my eyes opened wide in disbelief. This couldn't be! The Tigers, especially the leader of the Tigers, didn't go around offering anybody a ride in their hearse.

"What ya waitin' for, a written invitation? Get in," Owen said.

I scrambled in and slammed the door behind me. Owen let out the clutch and floored the gas pedal. As the car wheeled around the corner I felt a surge of power go through me.

"That was quite a fight ya put up there guy," Owen said, "I like a guy who sticks up for himself."

"He made a crack about my
them," I said.

"Don't pay no attention to those
Owen continued, "I've been
shin' you an' I think we can use
fer' the Tigers."

"No kiddin'? Ya mean ya want
to join your gang an' all?" I
ed in disbelief.

"Ha!!!!" Owen laughed. "Well
t exactly. Y' see we got a deal
min' off an' we want you t' help.
e think you're a pretty sharp guy.
t then ya know how it is, we gotta
e ya do somethin' for real, then
'll know."

"Yeah but. . . ."

"Skip it if ya want. We could
ways get someone else if you're
icken."

"Of course I want to," I said
xiously.

"O.K. then, I'll phone ya an' tell
what we want ya to do," Owen
d, pulling up to let me out.

I raced right up to my room when
got home. Turning on the radio
I blast, I lay down on my bed.
Now those other kids would have
sit up and take notice. No more
morning me. They'd look up to me
the gang would fix them. I'd
my black jacket with the yellow
er on it and then everyone would
ow I was somebody. No more wise
cks from creeps like Clark. Even
se muscle-bound athletes didn't
cross the Tigers. I felt like
puting it to the highest mountains,
Martin has friends, powerful
ends."

The phone rang and I raced down

to answer it. Sure enough it was
Owen. His voice sounded business-
like over the phone.

"Look Martin, man, we got a little
job pulling off and you're gonna
help."

"What kind of a job?" I queried.

"A profitable job." Owen laughed.
"All ya gotta do is watch the street.
Nothin' big like, not 'til we see
what kind of a guy you really are."

"Yeah but why should I?" I asked.
I was beginning to get worried. I
knew what kind of "jobs" the Tigers
considered profitable.

"Don't act dumb," Owen said
angrily. "Are ya yella or somethin'?"
I thought you was a good kid. I hate
yella bellies."

"'Course I'm not yella! I just want
to know what ya want me to do."

"O.K. here it is. We're goin' to
knock over a store, so listen careful.
You know that dump old man Kirk
runs down by your place?"

"Yeah," I said. Suddenly I wasn't
so sure being a member of the Tigers
was going to be such fun after all.

"Well, Jimmy's got the perfect way
to fix the back door so that it won't
lock properly and then we can sneak
around after closing and bust in.
'Course we need a lookout 'n' that's
where you come in. You might get a
split or even better. Get it now?" he
asked.

"Yeah," I said. The plan turned
my stomach. So this was what being
a member of the Tigers really was
like.

"'n' you're with us aren't ya?"

"Well . . ."

the Outcast



"Look guy what d' ya want?" By this time Owen was sounding pretty mad and I decided I'd better play along.

"Yeah I guess so." I said.

"What d' ya mean ya guess so?" he asked. "Look, the guys aren't too sure about ya anyhow. Ya better not make 'em mad. We could always get someone else ya know."

"It ain't nothin'," I said, realizing that what he meant was that this was my test and they weren't goin' to give me a big part in the gang 'til I proved myself.

"O.K. then. We'll see ya there 'bout 12." Without another word, Owen hung up.

Slowly I replaced the receiver on the hook. Coming into the room Mom asked, "Who were you talking to, dear?"

"None of your business!"

"What did you say?" she asked in a real shocked voice. She sorta considers that I'm still a little kid or somethin'. She thinks I'm a perfect angel. It's real sickening.

"'Sides you wouldn't know him," I said, feeling a twinge of conscience.

What would all this mean to Mom? She was always preachin' honesty like nothin' else mattered. This would kill her if she ever found out. Or maybe it would just prove I wasn't mama's little boy any more.

Slowly I mounted the stairs to room. "Could I go through with Knowing Mr. Kirk made it to Maybe he was just soft but he sure a nice guy. He wasn't much a businessman, though. He was friendly with people to care al takin' their money. Actually, I g he was a bit of a square alw worryin' about the other guy, bu sure made you like him. And t likin' him sure made robbin' tough."

I hated myself for even thin such a thing. Finally, I did an myself into it but it took a lot doin'. I had to tell myself all s of lies like that it didn't matter mu that we wouldn't take much, tha was only an initiation, and, w of all, I told myself no one wo get hurt. What a line! What re decided me was that if I didn't it no one would know what a wonderful honest hero I'd been. fact all that would happen if I cided not to do it would be that Tigers would be out for me. A all, they were my last chance to j a group. To be really honest couldn't stand havin' another gr against me. I needed friends, might be against all my princ but when the time came I knew force myself to go.

No one was on the street a walked up to the store. A stif

ce hung over the street. The
signs glowed eerily in the
dark. My feet echoed hollowly
on every step. I arrived at the
door and looked around. Out of a
dark corner came Owen's voice.
"Kid, I knew you'd come. You
stand here and watch. Jimmy's
just got the door open."

I wanted to shout out, to say
"Up!" My whole self rebelled against
the idea of robbing a poor old man.
I had to do it, it was my test.
I took up my post and then before
I knew what had happened a blind-
light swept by, paused a moment
and then came back and fixed me in
a circle of brilliant light. I heard
steps clattering down the street.
There were some flashing red lights
and suddenly I realized it was a
police car. Someone yelled "Cops!"
I found myself running with the
others.

I could hear someone running after
me. A voice came out of the night,
"Halt! Halt, you punk."

I ducked into an alley but the
sound of running feet followed me.
I turned and grasped my sleeve. I started
to struggle but it was no use, the
cops just twisted my arm until I
gave out with pain.

We were rounded up under a
streetlight and frisked. I was sur-
prised to see an officer take a blue
object from Owen's jacket
and look at it.

"Is this your gun?" he asked Owen.
"Real smart cop," Owen replied
smugly. "Just like Dick Tracy."
"Shut up, punk!" the cop said,

pushing Owen into the squad car and
putting the gun in his own pocket.
He pushed Jimmy in after Owen and
slammed the door. Then he walked
over to me.

"What have you got to say for
yourself, kid?" he asked in an icy
voice.

I was dying to tell him that it
wasn't my fault, that I had really
nothing to do with it. I knew he
wouldn't understand, though, so I
didn't waste my breath. His next
crack cut me deeply.

"I don't understand why you punks
don't join some useful youth groups,"
he said.

I almost broke down right there.
Lord knows I would have joined any
other group. I was in the only group
that would have me. Instead of
crying, though, I squinted one eye,
set my head on an angle, curled my
lip and in a voice that was not my
own I told the cop to go to hell.



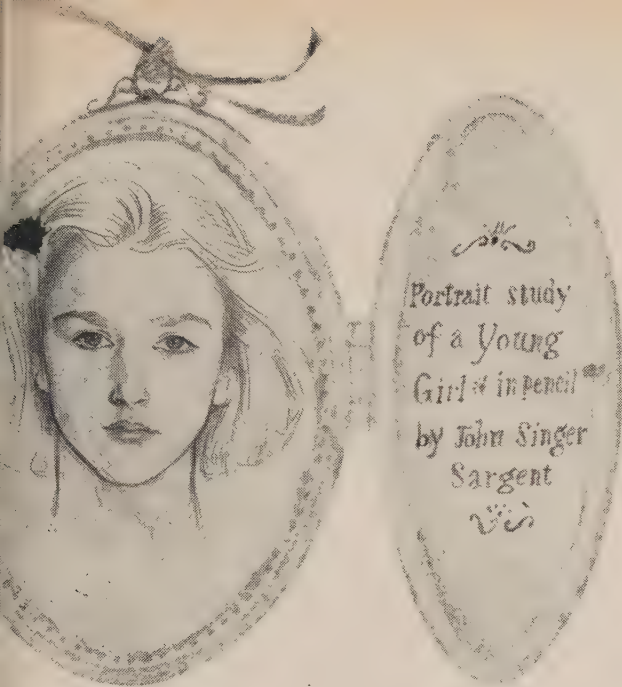
ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Peter Minshull lives in West Vancouver, B.C., Canada. Although he's now 18, he was 16 when he wrote "Outcast"—"the first piece of writing I have ever tried to market." He's active in high school and church, and finds most interest in "music, writing, sports, and tinkering with old radios." And he concludes by saying, 'My ambition is simply to live a Christ-like life and help future teenagers to do the same.'

Do you know the true meaning of modesty? Test your knowledge by underlining "True" or "False" to these ten statements, then compare your answers with those that follow.

a quiz on

Modesty

1. Modesty is an "old-fashioned" virtue.....True/False
2. Most American women are immodest.....True/False
3. Good manners, good taste, and common decency are signs of modesty.....True/False
4. Modesty is acquired by training.....True/False
5. Blushing is one sign of modesty.....True/False
6. A person cannot have a high opinion of himself and still be modest.....True/False
7. Men shy away from the modest woman...True/False
8. A woman who uses profanity in public is immodestTrue/False
9. The wearing of cosmetics, jewelry, and striking clothes is a sublimated form of immodestyTrue/False
10. Modesty pays off.....True/False



Portrait study
of a Young
Girl in pencil
by John Singer
Sargent

answers

. *False*. Modesty will never be out-of-date when you understand its true meaning. Dr. Richard H. Hoffmann, psychiatrist and neurologist, puts it this way: "Modesty is not only a most gratifying and becoming trait in a woman or in a man; it is also mankind's *most human* characteristic. If modesty were indeed lost to us—as some folks say it is—our society could not long exist." According to Dr. Hoffmann, modesty is the curb, or rattle, we place on our instincts—especially on our sexual lives. This restraint is one of the most important differences between man and the animals. Modesty, or lack of it, is not concerned only with how well covered one's body is—for to this each society sets its own standard—but with one's manner of behavior as well. ►►

. *False*. Not in the majority. Many men who compare them

unfavorably with foreign women are confusing modesty with obedience.

3. *True*. Add a measure of reserve and self-discipline and you have it.

4. *True*. We are not born with it. It is the task of parents to impose restrictions and inhibitions upon their child so that when he infringes on these he will know a sense of shame. In this way he learns restraint—which later develops into the psychological reaction we call modesty.

5. *True*. The woman who *never* blushes may think that she is sophisticated; actually, she's cold.

6. *False*. One can and, in most cases, should have a high opinion of himself—but he shouldn't inflict this upon others.

7. *False*. This is confusing modesty with prudery. The modest woman is not lacking in confidence, but rather is quietly assured, not withdrawn, but poised. She is not offended by the facts of life, merely by vulgarity. Men respect the truly modest woman.

8. *True*. And there are few things less enchanting to a man than a woman's using profanity. A famous actor, whose actress wife was in the habit of using bad language publicly whenever smarting from bad notices, told the judge at the divorce hearing: "I could forgive her her infidelities, but not her bad manners."

9. *True*. Modest or not, the primitive impulses remain the same. Either they are *repressed* (stamped down and strictly forbidden) or they are *sublimated* (given socially acceptable outlet and means of expression). Thus, contends Dr. Hoffmann, the wearing of cosmetics and adornments is a sublimated form of attracting attention found even in truly modest women.

10. *True*. Common decency and restraint, thoughtfulness and good manners always pay off—in self-respect and the respect of others. Without modest restraint there would be no beauty or sensitivity, no religion or morality. It is a dignified quality. Hang on to it.

—FRANCES C. MATRANGA

Who's your hero?

By James McLean



Sophia Snubnose

*In life she strives to get on top
By using her friends as pawns.
She counts success by chums who sop
Their cocktails from dark to dawn.
For social standing and the rest,
Up the ladder we must go;
So we can mingle with the "best"—
Lord and Lady So and So!*



Sam Bigstuff

*Self-sufficient Sam, this guy,
He boosts his ego to the sky.
He thinks HIS wisdom quite enough
To face the world with problems tough!
He needs no help from sister, brother,
God, parents, or any other!
His trouble is, his weakness shows;
His wisdom stops at the end of his nose!*



Belligerent Bill

*When young he was the town's big bully,
Afraid to think and know life fully.
He puts his faith in power and might,
In soldiers, bombs, and planes in flight!
"Might makes right!" is this man's creed.
Hit the enemy, make him bleed!
With frightening rate his power increases,
He'll blow the world to peace (or PIECES!).*

in the ROUND

IS JAZZ MOVING I

WHAT form of popular music will teenagers take to next? That's the big question running through the minds of musicians, record companies and even publishers. YOUTH magazine hasn't got the answer yet but beginning with Don Smith's discussion of serious and folk music in our last issue and now with my first piece on jazz, we're going to try to keep you up to date on what cooks with the best of recorded sound.

There is every indication that teens are getting fed up with jazz music. The pretty boys with high-pitched prissy voices are slipping from the best-seller lists. The lists, themselves, show how fickle record buyers have become. One "Top 20" poll showed "Alley Oop" number two on July 16. Three weeks later, it was 18th. Even more dramatic is the fact that the number one hit in the middle of July wasn't even mentioned in the first week in August. "Sick" songs about trouble and death—"Teen Angel"—are strictly nowhere. And the payola scandals awakened everyone to the fact that trashy music and creepy talent were pushed on us by a bunch of deejay gyps and crummy record promoters who learned so hard on our spare change that Congress had to blast things wide open.

After the smoke cleared, you saw what happened. Most of the sharpies are gone and the really good pop and rock and roll tunes moved in. So did some of the more popular vocalists caught the trend. Elvis wiggles less and sings more. Annette appealed to adults and teens alike during her Radio City Music Hall debut. So did Bobby Darin at New York's Copa. Broderick Benton recently decided to learn how to read music. Now there are some steps in the right direction.

Enough of current history. Let's talk about jazz, our only true American art form. It began, for the most part, in New Orleans where Kid Oliver, Kid Ory, the Dodds brothers, Bunk Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton and other Negro musicians began to put together a new kind of music with a special kind of rhythmic feel, later called syncopation. These men used African rhythms, European melodies and harmonies, work songs, field hollers, marches, blues songs and popular compositions of American origin and combined their various forms to make a completely different musical sound. Most of the early records these men produced are hard to find but the interested reader can hear re-issues on long playing albums such as Columbia's **The Bessie Smith Story** and **The Louis Armstrong**

rong Story plus **The History of Classic Jazz** (Riverside), **The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records** (Decca) and **The History of Jazz** (Folkways).

Louis Armstrong was one of the originators of ad lib or improvised playing, a technique which became an important part of jazz. By the 1920's, white musicians such as Nick La Rocca, Larry Shields, Bix Beiderbecke, Eddie Condon, Jimmy McPartland, Wild Bill Davison, Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang learned to use their instruments in somewhat similar fashion and the resulting free-for-all style, Negro and white, became known as Dixieland because it all began south of the Mason-Dixon line.

By the early 30's the popularity of Dixieland jazz waned and in its place came big-band swing. Again it was the Negro bandleaders such as Benny Moten, Jay McShann, Count Basie, Fletcher Henderson, Jimmy Lunceford, Chick Webb and Duke Ellington who did the pioneering. Following in their footsteps, from about 1935 until World War II caused them to break up, were the orchestras of Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Bunny Berigan, Woody Herman, Glen Gray, Harry James. Gene Krupa and Lionel Hampton. Goodman, Herman and the Goodman alumni, James, Krupa and Hampton are still active today.

From early New Orleans jazz through Dixieland and Swing is about all I have room for in this issue—just using some of the big “names” of the periods. But, before signing off, I want to assure you that there are plenty of teen-age jazz fans around and more teens are becoming interested every day. How about sending me some of your ideas concerning what you'd like to see in a column such as this? I'll pop for two albums for the writer of the best letter. (Send to YOUTH, Room 306, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.)

Meanwhile, if you want to dig the swingers, here are some \$1.98 best buys on the Harmony and Camden labels: **Bijou—Woody Herman** (Harmony 7013); **Peggy Lee Sings With Benny Goodman** (Harmony 7005); **Metronome All-Stars** (Harmony 7044); **Bunny—Bunny Berigan** (Camden 550); **Open House—Lionel Hampton** (Camden 517); **The Great Artie Shaw** (Camden 465); **Duke Ellington at the Cotton Club** (Camden 459); **The Count—Count Basie** (Camden 395); **Swingin' With Krupa** (Camden 340); **Swing, Swing, Swing—Benny Goodman** (Camden 624).

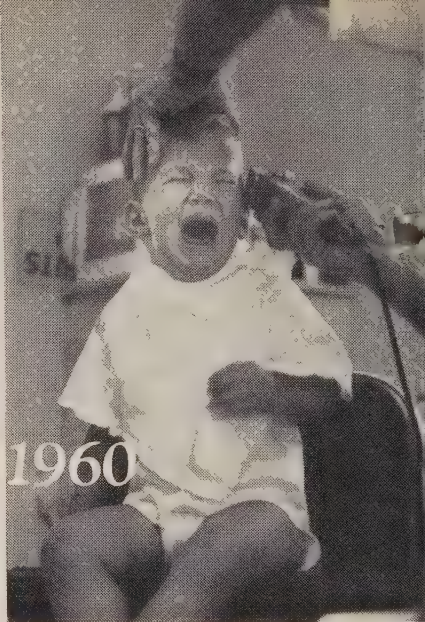
—TED RIEDEBURG

in the ROUND

FANCY cameras and gimmicks were not needed by these winners in Kodak's 1960 High School Photo Contest. On these pages are shown the top four winners in the Junior Division (for 9th and 10th graders). Each picture is tops in one of four classifications—school activities, people—all ages, pictorials, and animals and pets.

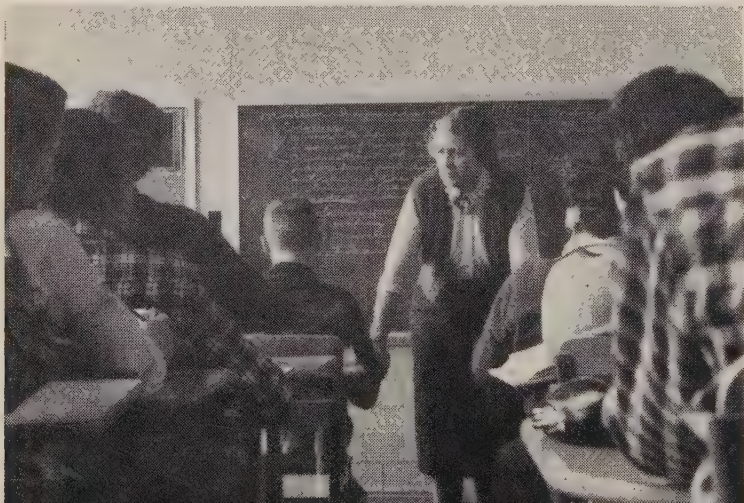
prize winners

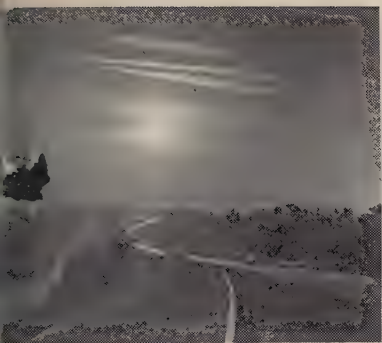
Kodak High School Photo Contest



"Shear Agony" is the title Michael Starnes, 16, of Stuart, Fla., gave to his photo, which won the \$300 Grand Award.

Lewis Sprunger, 15, Berne, Ind., usually has his camera with him. From his seat in the last row of class he shot this photo, "Getting the Point Across," which won him a \$300 Grand Award.





"Highways and Byways" was a Grand Award winner for Mike Kenney, 16, Baltimore, Md.

Henry Varney, 15, of Los Angeles, Calif., took this "Toad Study" of a four-month-old beagle puppy and a toad, after waiting over an hour.



Taken by Charles Fretzin, 17, from a pier at Malibu Beach in California, "Fun in the Surf" won the Chicago boy a Grand Award in the Senior Division.



Stephen Landau, Detroit, is his school's yearbook photographer. This photo, "Contrast," was taken at a late afternoon track meet.





While staying at a ranch camp in Montana, Sharon Cook, 16, Philadelphia, shot "First Lessons."



prize winners

WINNERS in the Senior Division (for 11th and 12th graders) are shown on these pages. The contest is sponsored annually by Eastman Kodak Company to encourage and give recognition for photographic excellence. ▼▼▼

"The Past and the Future" was snapped by Susan Finkelstein, 16, Woonsocket, R.I., at the Lincoln Memorial.



JOHN CRAWFORD
writes about

THIS BUSINESS OF LIVING

can character be changed?

QUESTION: Can a person's character get out of order? And once it does, can something be done about it? Or is there a point of no return? Just what is character, anyway?

ANSWER: Character is easier to understand than to define in exact

words. In many ways it includes how morally and ethically we behave, how well balanced we are in temperament and personality. Character goes beyond these attributes. The full definition of character has to involve such elements as aspiration and striving toward worthy goals and purposes. You can see that character widely overlaps and interlaces our creative drive.

Temperament is usually quite fluctuating and momentary. Character is deeper than these surface fluctuations. It undergirds the overall personality that we more readily recognize.

Little defects of temperament—of personality—are not very important. We all have a few, but they rarely harm us. Character disorders can be serious, and generally such trouble never is easy to remedy, and the person needs the most expert help to change.

What factors in our lives influence our characters? One certain is intelligence. A much higher percentage of seriously delinquent boys and girls come from low IQ groups than from average and bright groups. And we tend to improve our character as we mature in years. Girls and boys differ somewhat in character patterns at times, though the differences are not wide.

Broken homes produce the largest number of young people with

character disorders. Youth are
 ch like their parents in ideas of
 and wrong. Close friends are
 great influence on character.
 s carries over into the realm of
 ical books—especially the char-
 ers in the book that a girl or boy
 ight take as a hero. TV, movie,
 d radio characters also must share
 ne of the responsibility of shap-
 a young person's character.

*Can character be trained for bet-
 ends?* Yes, fortunately, in most
 ing persons it can. A large part
 what we learn we acquire by
 tation and instruction. Good
 ne environment, sound education
 school and church school has
 n invaluable in the lives of
 ntless girls and boys who were
 king help and direction for bet-
 character.

*Can young people reach a point of
 return?* Sometimes. That is why
 ry effort is made to discover
 se young persons as early in their
 s as possible, before irreparable
 nage has been done.

The family physician should be
 first person consulted, because
 ny behavior and character dis-
 ers are at least partly rooted in
 per complex biochemical dis-
 ances. Depending on the nature
 he illness, the physician may re-
 the youth to a trained psychol-
 t or psychiatrist.



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OUR COVER STORY

The lei-wearing
 cheerleader on
 our cover is

Joyce Lindgren, of Punahou
 High School, Honolulu. And
 how did she get on our cover?
 Simply because on one bright
 afternoon David Anderson, 15,
 a fellow student at Punahou
 High, snapped her picture which
 won a \$100 Third Award in the
 1960 Kodak High School Photo
 Contest. (See pages 22-25.) He
 titled the picture, "Come on!
 Cheer!"



*"I have been told that to make a
 boy like you, you have to learn to
 talk about the subject he is most
 interested in . . . Do you have any
 books on eating?"*

youth in the news . . .

Amish Lose Plea on School Movies

An appeal by 20 Amish leaders that their children not be expelled for refusing to watch movies in school has been dismissed by the Wisconsin Superintendent of Public Schools, George E. Watson. The appeal was made after eight Amish pupils were expelled from the Holway Consolidated School in Madison when they refused to watch a film. Of the school's 138 pupils, 68 are Amish. In a letter to the sect's leaders, Mr. Watson observed that "apparently part of your concern was not for the motion pictures in school but that watching them might encourage your youth to become . . . addicted to television and commercial films." To exempt children from viewing school movies, he said, would require that half the pupils be assigned to Amish classes and the rest to non-Amish classes.

Teen Editor Criticizes "Bathrobe" Church Drama

Some 2600 youth—delegates to the six-day constitution convention of the Luther League of the newly-merged American Lutheran Church—heard a church paper editor score "bathrobe" religious drama and traditional religious art that depicts Jesus with "beauty parlor hair and

a polished, outdoor complexion

"Most of us have never got beyond the Sunday school card stage," complained Char Lutz, the editor of the Lutheran youth magazine, *One*. He compared popular paintings of Christ to a photo—"Once you've seen it, there's nothing left to draw out of it." Conceding that his opinions would not be popular with people who like their Christianity "sweet," Mr. Lutz contended that many people had tired of religious art that did not "present a challenge." Church publishing houses go on turning out traditional-type plays because they apparently feel this is what church members want, he said. And people keep on using them because since the publishing houses provide the "they must be safe."

12 Boys Seek Site to Fire a Missile

A dozen teen-age rocketeers have built a missile they hope to blast up to 12,000 feet—if they can find a suitable launching site. The boys are all high school students enrolled since last October in Columbia University's science honors program.

The rest of the 204 gifted high school students in the program ended their extra studies at the university last June.



U.S. pianist Van Cliburn, at the close of a successful Russian concert tour, gave 80,000 rubles (\$8000) from his receipts to the Moscow Baptist Church.

Teachers Say Frats Not Very Fraternal

Are high school sororities and fraternities a good or bad influence? A majority of a cross-section of school teachers polled recently think they're a bad influence—on the school (39 per cent); the community (31 per cent); and the student (41 per cent). Only 11 per cent felt fraternities and sororities benefit the student. Many agreed with a Detroit (Mich.) teacher who says they "instill snobbishness among the 'in' group, and a feeling of inferiority among those excluded." Other unfavorable reactions: "A deterrent against school work"; "These groups are good training points for gangs"; they create an unhealthy caste system." The dangers of inflicting long-lasting psychological hurts were men-

tioned by several teachers of teens.

A New York teacher spoke for the minority when he said that such clubs "provide socializing experience—all part of education." Others pointed out the charitable and community work of some groups. Forty-nine per cent agreed that school control of fraternities and sororities would change the bad aspects of the picture entirely. A Knoxville (Tenn.) teacher says, "They are like razors and permanent wave solution. It is not what they are, but how they are used."

Japanese Students Join Church Aid Caravan

Fifty-eight university students took part recently in a 20-day Christian Youth Caravan in the economically hard hit Kyushu mining district of Japan. In small groups of five or six, the youth distributed food to miners' families and organized study and recreation programs for children and adults. The Kyushu miners have been unemployed for many months. The caravan was sponsored by the Youth Department of the National Christian Council of Japan.

in future issues of YOUTH . . .

"I'm Rickie's Mother!"

Harriet Nelson tells what it is like to be the mother of a teen-star and idol.

Food and You

The food you eat influences your appearance, your personality, performance, and your future.

Falling In and Out of Love

Evelyn Millis Duvall discusses love and infatuations and how to make the difference.

You and Military Service

What branch of service is best for you? Here's helpful information for high school boys.

What Did Christ Look Like?

A picture story showing how different artists portray the face of Christ.

How to Kill a Youth Fellowship

Charlie Churchmouse is back to show you and a St. Louis youth group how to end it all—in fun!

Portrait of a Teen-Age All-American

The story of an Iowa lad who's been acclaimed national All-American football player while still in high school.

Answers to Teen's Religious Questions

An interview with a theologian (Dr. Roger Shinn) gives answers to 20 questions on religion that teens ask most.

Making the Most of Your Money

Kitte Turmell is back to discuss money matters, manners, and management.

What Can Teens Do Today in Politics?

An interview with a Christian congressman gives teens some insight on the workings of our nation.

"Hearken, Teens!"

Elaine May and Mike Nichols discuss today's teen problems.

CREDITS FOR THIS ISSUE:

PHOTOS: 1, 22 through 25, Kodak High School Photo Contest; 6 through 9, Northern California Pilgrim Fellowship; 17, Philadelphia Museum of Art; 31, Religious News Service; 32, H. Armstrong Roberts.

ARTISTS: 2, Mort Temes; 3, 4 and 5, 10 and 11, 16 and 17, Charles Newton; 19, James McIlhenny; 27, Charles Schulz.

AUTHORS: Rev. James Gilliom, pastor of Broadview Community Church, Seattle, Wash.; Peter Marshall, high school free-lancer, West Vancouver, B.C., Canada; Frances C. Matranga, syndicated free-lancer; Ted Riedeberg of White Plains, N. Y., consultant on chemical markets, former jazz musician and record columnist for YOUTH magazine; Dr. John Crawford, clinical psychologist with special interest in youth and their problems; and prayer (32) written by Elmer N. Witt and reprinted from *Time to Pray*, new book of daily prayers for youth, published by Concordia Publishing House,



Christian athletes are "shown how" by Bob Pettit at a Colorado conference.

athletes asked to set example

SHARP-SHOOTING Bob Pettit, ace of the St. Louis Hawks' high-flying NBA team, proved recently he can score from the speakers' lectern as well from the basketball court. Lanky, 6' 9" Pettit spoke to nearly 500 high school and college athletes attending the annual summer conference of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. "We athletes have the greatest opportunity in the world to set the example of Christian living," the high-scoring player told the interdenominational group. "There are many people, especially boys, looking up to us. To them anything we do is just the right thing. We have to be careful to live the kind of lives that are above criticism." Pettit was one of several outstanding sports stars and coaches who appeared on the camp program at Estes Park, Colo. Among those who led clinics and coaching sessions, devotional hours and inspirational meetings were Dave (Boo) Ferriss, former Boston Red Sox pitcher and coach; Don Towler, Los Angeles Rams football great; and Ben Carnevale, Ivy basketball coach. Observed Ferriss, "The important thing for young athletes to remember is they don't have to act rough, tough or uncouth just to impress someone." Re-elected to a second term as Fellowship president was Otto Graham, former star quarterback for the Cleveland Browns and now head football coach and athletic director of the U. S. Coast Guard Academy. Founded in 1954, the Fellowship's aim is to stimulate athletes to live their lives as witnesses for the Christian faith.



LIFEMATE

I cannot hide my desires from you, dear Lord.
You made me to want friendship and contact with
others.

You gave me the desire to love and be loved.

Help me understand my longings.

Help me control my thoughts.

Create in me a clean heart, O God,

And renew a right spirit within me.

As I look for a life's companion, through my dating
and friendships, teach me how to choose.

Keep me from overemphasizing good looks, physical
appearance, social standing, and wealth.

I am a creature made in love;

direct my love, dear Father.

As you have loved me and the church, O Christ,
let me find my partner for life.

As you distribute God's gifts, O Spirit,
make my desires and attractions holy.

Holy God, show me your will for my life. Amen.

